Advice to Balam's *Ass*;
OR,
Momus Catechised.
IN
Answer to a certaine Scurrilous and Abusive Scribler,
ONE
JOHN HEYDON,
AUTHOR OF
Advice to a Daughter.

By *T. P. Gent.*

Pendentem volo Zoïlū videre.

My longing Eyes desire to see,
Zoilus embrace the Fatal Tree.

LONDON:
Printed by *E. B.* for *Henry Marsh*, at the Princes Armes at the lower end of *Chancery-Lane* near the *Inner Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-street*, 1658.


BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Ingenious READER.

WHen the *Wisedome, Prudence, and Learning, of Mr.* Osborn *lively depainted in his Booke entituled* Advice to a Son, *had five times been invested with the* Trabea Triumphali, *the honourable Robe of universal applause, we had lesse reason than the female instructer hath braines, to suspect an* Homero-mastix, *one that durst malepertly endeavour by the interposition of his opaccus and ridiculous conceptions, to eclipse the splendour of such an eminent Author.*

Had any Man of Learning and Modesty throwne downe his Gantlet in defiance of some particulars, referring to study, Travail, Government, Religion, or perhaps like a Knight Errant in defence of Ladies seemingly wrong'd, my Pen should still have retain'd its quiet repose, and onely my wishes have supplyed the place of Heralds, to search the Champion, least instead of the Sword of Truth, he should wound his Antagonist with the unlawfull weapon of Malice, lent him by her Sister Vainglory. But

since the Maſter of Gotham *Colledge, a grand proficient in* Bacchus's *Schoole, and meriting to be chiefe profeſſour of* Billings-Gate *begins to bark, I ſhall (he being far unworthy of Mr.* Osborn's *Laſh) muzle him, and thank my auſpicious fortune, if in requitall of my journy to fetch him Hellebore, I might pluck Narciſſus, the Secretary of God and Nature, (as he ſtiles himſelfe) from a fond admiration of the Chymæras of his owne braine.*

He will brag perhaps that I durſt not affix my Name to theſe my caſtgations of his Advice to a Daughter; *and very true, for if a Cedar in literature be a nameleſſe overworn wittall, what may a ſhrub whoſe higheſt honour is onely to be a lover of ſuch, expect? I for my part eſteeme it little wit, and leſſe breeding, to uſe ſuch dirty language as he delights in, which a Gentleman ſhould abhor to vent, when a juſt offence hath blown his paſſion into a flame.*

Yet he ſhall finde me ſo favourable as to interpret what is dubious to the beſt ſenſe, and to let every thing paſſe for weight, which wound up in candour, ſhall proove equally ponderous to one graine of reaſon. The Author often boaſts, that this his Gourd ſprang up in Sixteen dayes, I may truly affirme that what you ſee, was but the employment of a few vacant houres.

Let

To the READER.

Let your candid approbation (Courteous READER) *ſecond me whileſt I fight this great Gyant, whoſe thundring name would affright many, although nothing is able to terrifie me; but a non-permiſſion to ſubſcribe your ready Servant,*

T. P.

2 JY 58

Upon the Title.

Advice to a Daughter.

MODESTY is the greateſt Ornament that a Daughter can borrow from her common Mother Nature, or hath inoculated into the flexible yeares of her Minority, by the circumſpection of a prudent education which your Daughter muſt of neceſſity want, if ſhe either follow her Father's foot-ſteps, or imprint in her memory his ſullied exclamations.

In oppoſition to the Advice to a Sonne.

Your oppoſition is onely culpable in this, that ſuch a Pygmy as you, wage war with an Eagle in ſtead of a Crane.

Under these generall heads.

1 *Studies.*

What shall your Daughter be a Minerva, or rather a Pope Jone, for she must it seemes be a Student, and your first two heads treat about Free-Schooles, and Universities, that there wants nothing but the pretty little Elixar, and then Squire *Rosa-Crucian* the trick is done.

2 *Marriage.*

Any that we will allowe, let them have their longing.

3 *Travell.*

Your Daughter must be a gossip forsooth, but let her travell we shall not want any of your breed, and perhaps by diligent enquiry, she may find out and transport her Fathers wits; which have so long been a wool gathering in *Spaine*, or at least in *Vino Hispanico*, and are now fallen under the inquisition.

4 *Government,*

4 *Government.*

This head, by him that had an head piece, might have been totally omitted. A woman ſhall not need to make *Machiavel* her ſampler: And tis the priviledge of the weaker Veſſels to lie at ancre in ſafe Harbours, whileſt men, the ſerviceable ſhips of war frequently ſinke one another, by the impetuous firing of open violence; or give chaſe, untill the quick ſands of diſſimulation and envy, glory in the wrack of the now tranſparent carrick.

5 *Religion.*

Let ſerious ſtudy firſt embroyder your own ſoul, with the eleven morall vertues, reſolutely ſolicit Heaven untill you obtain the three Chriſtian graces, Faith, Hope, and charity: Then when your ſoul ſhall be a pure fountain, I ſhan't reſiſt, that all your daughters ſhould zealouſly imbibe your religious precepts.

Concluſion.

I am glad your Book ſhall have an end although ſorry that you ſhould ſtagger ſix miles

miles in ſuch a difficult road, where your deſpicable wit, and indiſcernable learning know ſcarce one ſtep of the way, yet you are ſure of fit company, if the Adage be true, *Stultorum omnia plena.* But it matters not when your book ends, for a few lines will make the Reader weary, and inable him to conclude, what both it and the Author are; that is to ſay none of the wiſeſt. And if there be any one miſdoubts it, let him or her rather (for 'tis the advice to a daughter,) open, and they may at the firſt ſearch receive an undeniable demonſtration.

By *Eugenius Theodidactus.*

Make roome for the noble Gentleman Mr. *Eugenius*, and his friend Mr. Mr. a very hard name, I wonder who was his God-Father: His name begins with *T. H.* but tis not *Thomas*, nor *Theophilus*, nor *Theodoſius*, O now it comes, now it comes, tis *Theodidactus*. Pray ſweet young Gentlewomen, let me adde this advice to your good Fathers, that yee would every day get without book, one ſillable of your Dad's name; And ſo in nine daies, yee ſhall overcome a nine daies wonder, but honeſt

Sir

Sir *Eugenius*, would no name serve your turne that is *English*, or *Latin*, but you must needs trouble some old Reader, to buy a new paire of Spectacles, that he might take up an old snip of Greek to make *John Heydons* daughter an Apron? Alasse why shouldest thou provoke him to curse *Scapula*, because it is a longer voyage from A to Z. then from the twenty fifth to the twenty sixth of *Job*? If you had been desirous to have been adopted a *Grecian*; I could have furnisht you with a name, but I dare not write it in Greek, least you should make Affidavit my pen drew conjuration circles, 'tis *Diabolus*; not that I esteeme you a Divell, no, for the Divell hath wit, although he wants grace. But because I finde that name in the Muster-roll of that Regiment to which you belong, namely, in *Plautus* his *Asinaria*.

Thus having escaped the formidable jawes of this Attick Bugg-Bear, if we please to turne over a new leafe, fortune may be so propitious as to shew us a name sutable to an *English* eare, and not basling the retention of a vulgar memory.

To the excellently accomplished Gentleman, Mr. *Charles Bruton* Cittizen and Merchant Adventurer of *London*, &c. Whither these

these Epithites are deservedly ascribed, let Mr. *Brutons* acquaintance be Umpires: If they be, I wish his Fame had a more worthy Trumpeter: If they are not, let him (to supply those defects) without procraſtination admit himselfe Pupill to Morality, and what erudition is ingenuous.

Much Honoured Sir,

I shall onely make this adjoynder:

Luctare ut niveum Laudis meruisse Lapillum,
Te Famæ insignis Buccina Vera canat.

Honour'd Sir is espoused to your name,
Let desert force the World to vouch true fame.

I here trouble you with a short discourse, if your Patron instead of every way, be but any way accomplished, you never spake truer, then when you said I trouble you.

It is no laboured piece,
That's easily granted,
And indeed no fit present!

That's right, unlesse it be to *Dunne* Lord of Tyburn, who by way of requitall, may for the small sum of thirteen pence halfpeny, added as a gratuitie, make you tenant for life of his tri-angular patrimony.

But I begge your acceptance, you may very

very well begge it, for you don't deserve it. But tis well, that you will have one Place in your book, that carries a tincture of modesty.

The first time I ever saw the advice to a Son, was the last day of *Hillary* Terme, may be so, but had'st thou had but half the conference with the starres, that *Nic. Culpeper* thy predecessor had; Thou wouldest have begun thy reading, or to be sure thy scribling, under a more fortunate Planet, both for thy owne credit, and the Stationers profit.

I read it, and found it full of bitternesse against women, &c. Indeed this particular is something severe, but he that would drive an head strong youth to riches and honour, may well take leave to hold the Reines straight.

I shuffled up the answer in sixteen daies for your spare houres, you are no artificiall gamster it seemes, for in recompence of sixteen daies shuffling, I know no body ever cut you an Honour, yet you have aptly expressed your mushrom to be sauce for spare houres, for he must have very little to do, that bestowes the reading.

In which you may make your selfe merry, yes, for tis not a Doctors Gown, but a foole

theſe Epithites are deſervedly aſcribed, let Mr. *Brutons* acquaintance be Umpires: If they be, I wiſh his Fame had a more worthy Trumpeter: If they are not, let him (to ſupply thoſe defects) without procraſtination admit himſelfe Pupill to Morality, and what erudition is ingenuous.

Much Honoured Sir,

I ſhall onely make this adjoynder:

Luctare ut niveum Laudis meruiſſe Lapillum,
Te Famæ inſignis Buccina Vera canat.

Honour'd Sir is eſpouſed to your name,
Let deſert force the World to vouch true fame.

I here trouble you with a ſhort diſcourſe, if your Patron inſtead of every way, be but any way accompliſhed, you never ſpake truer, then when you ſaid I trouble you.

It is no laboured piece,
That's eaſily granted,
And indeed no fit preſent!

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In which you may make your selfe merry, yes, for tis not a Doctors Gown, but a foole

fooles coat that excites laughter. For it w
in this last Vocation when, I did not
much labour as play, &c.

I don't know whether it be your ign
rance or the Printers negligence, that can
distinguish betwixt Vocation and Vacation
but, peradventure your Vacation is yo
Vocation, as it is with others busie to as litt
purpose as your selfe.

I found him a Nameless Over-worn Wittall.

He was nameless 'tis true, but 'tis this
wonder at, how he durst at last disclose hi
name, when such a Man as Mr. *John Heyd*
had vowed himself the Champion of wronge
and abused Ladies. And as for overworn wit-
tal, because you are not *Compos Mentis*, you
shall be constrained to die intestate, and re-
serve that for your heires; but because you are
ambitious to be eminent in something, since
there was one *Asinius Pollio* a famous Orator a-
mong the *Romans*, & one *Porcius Cato*, a Man al-
most as wise as our Author, what if you assume
Wittalius? that you who are *Vir trium Litera-
rum*, may become a noblenan *Trium Nominum*,
or rather if you would set up Bills, and exact
Farthings a piece for the Sight of a pro-
found exact Rosacrucian, stile your selfe,

Dem

Don Johannes Heydonus, Wittalius, Eugenius, Theodidactus De More Fields, and then it will do, I'le warrant you.

That five times before I espied him, had adulterated the Presse, and abused Ladies and Gentlewomen.

It was you adulterated the Presse, for not only two at a time, but two hundred witnesses will attest, that Non-Sense and your Daughter lay there together, and 'tis you abuse Ladies & gentlewomē, & not he, who dare take upon you to instruct them when a chequered kitchingstuff Wench might teach you to reverence your betters, and a Lady of fourteen judiciously deride some of your notions.

And no Man durst answer him, (for so he reported) &c.

Sir, I should have been thankfull if you had quoted the place; but take it, for once upon your credit, it houlds true yet, for although he said no Man durst answer him, He was never so angry with *Æsop*, as to deny that the dull Ass could bray Reproaches against the couragious Bore.

I will

I will see what and who this diseased Maccabee is.

You are very charitable in pleasing to visit the sick, but since you have borrowed so much Divinity to garnish out the collation of Advice you present the Ladies with; let me entreat this favour, that you would not defie a Maccabee of all People, because the Maccabees are descended from the house of Levi.

And proove his discourse and hard censure of Ladies and Gentlewomen, like the blasts of Rams horns before the walls of Jericho; *that throwes downe the reputation of Ladies at one utterance.*

What Sir are you horn mad? I thought all this while by your mad prating, that your braines were at *Jericho*, but make an antidote of a poyson, and if Rams-Horns blew downe the outworks of Ladies reputations, winde your own horns whether you have the horns of *Aries*, *Taurus*, or *Capricorn*, actually left you by *Nic. Culpepper* for a legacy, or onely vertually in *Causa Efficiente*, and then one don't know, but that you may tote the

disease d

diſeaſed Maccabee into Repentance, down with His Honour like the Walls of *Jericho*, & force him to give all His Eſtate to the Printer, that His Recantation might be publiſhed in Capitals large enough to be diſtinctly Read, by the Inhabitants of any interjacent place, betwixt *Oxford*, and *Quinzay*.

To the BOOK and READER.

And now my Booke let it not ſtop thy ſlight,
That thy juſt Author is not Lord or Knight. (can,
An. *Who dreams you Lord or Knight? prove if you*
Firſt your ſelfe juſt, then next a Gentleman.
Thy Bulk's not great; it will not much diſtreſſe
Their empty Pockets, but their Studies dreſſe.
An. *The Bulk's not great; yet it doth much expreſs,*
Not Students Help, but your own Nothingneſs.
And this perhaps may ſomtimes move their Laughter,
That thou art call'd Advice unto a Daughter.
A. *She that don't Laugh at* Advice to a Daughter,
I ſhall ne're count for A Wiſe Woman after.
I could have voyc'd the forth in ſuch a dreſſe,
The Spring had bin a Slut to thy expreſſe.

That's nothing, 'tis ordinary for you, and your Bretheren to worke Wonders.

Tis Womens Vertue I do tell abroad,
For Women-Angels are, ſent us from the Lord.

Women-Angels, obſerve that Angels are of the *Feminine Gender*, you may Read all *Howard* thorow, and not gaine ſuch a remarkable Notion: I am none of the Greateſt Strangers to Latin and Engliſh Poetry, and yet I thinke the laſt Verſe, was longer than *Parnaſſus* by halfe a foot.

But leaſt you ſhould fall too much in Love with Our Authors Muſe, Pray lend your View to this Elegant Proſe.

To his Daughter.

Daughter, *I have forborne to ſet your Name on the fore-head of theſe Aphoriſmes, not that I am aſhamed of either of them, or you.*

You aſhamed of your Aphoriſmes, No, 'tis enough for the Stationer and Reader, to be ſo. Make but your Daughter as Brazen-faced as her Father, And if any of her Uncles the Chymiſts take like their *Coryphæus Friar Bacon*, Send Her to them; And they ſhan't need watch three Weeks, to heare A Brazen Head Speak.

But

But becauſe your Enemy, and his Sonne, have done ſo before me.

If they have bin your Enemies, No queſtion but Gratitude will reconcile them to you, ſince you are pleaſed to Honour them with an Imitation, for which they are wonderfully beholding.

Firſt we give to all the Vertues, the Habits, and Viſages of Women.

I hope you are ſo well Verſt in Axioms, as to underſtand Nullũ ſimile eſt Idem; *All is not Gold that Gliſters: And are not all the Furies alſo pourtraied like Women?*

Juſtice is naked, and is it not fit that all the Sex ſhould imitate ſuch an excellent pattern and Miſtreſſe.

Excellent advice, ſurely your Father is the Key that unlocks *Venus Cabinet*. By going Naked you'l ſave A great Deale of Mony, And though ye ſhall have no Pockets to put it in, your Father with his, will ſupply that defect, And ye ſhall be ſure not to want credit, as long as your perſonall Eſtate is ſo Evident. But how will ye reconcile going Naked, with the Advice in the latter part of the Epiſtle?

Follow not Daughter their Faſhion, that un-

Adventures to make the Sun Stand Still, and willfully goes about to Counsell his Master. *page* 7. and 8.

The World is full of Deceit.

And your Booke is not without; For when I saw it first, I charitably expected prudent Admonitions, drawn by the Pencell of an Eximious Rhetorician; but found A few frigid Conceptions, distill'd in the *Balneo Mariæ*, of a Rosa-Crusians Noddle.

Beauty affords contentment.

But it is too feeble a foundation, for a Wise Man to build his Felicity upon; yet thus far I'le accord with you, as I once vented my Thoughts upon this Subject.

Beauty alone may for a time content,
But to my Bed a Vertuous Wife present.
Let Age, or Sickness, furrow her smooth Skin,
They cannot raise her Beauty that's within.

I know there was much of Naked Truths in it.

If your Daughters would follow your Advice, forecited *page* 2. they should also as wel as your

your Book, ſhew much of the Naked Truth.

Your Loving Father, &c.

You might have ſpared, &c. for every intelligible Perſon will ad an, *et cætera*; And ſo for this time we will ſay, *You writ this Epiſtle*, &c.

Advice to a Daughter.

Who is this that darkneth Knowledge by Words without underſtanding?

I anſwer, *John Heydon.*

Come thou Embrio of an Hiſtory, thou Cadet of a Pamphleteer.

Why thou Geoffrey in ſwabberſlops, thou little Negro mounted on the Elephant of thy owne Folly, you and I will be ſure to write ſomething Authentick, as long as we can ſteale from Mr. *Cleeveland*'s Diurnall-Maker.

And now I thinke upon it, I will allow thee time to Breath.

Bravely reſolved, a Noble Enemy is alwaies courteous.

It ſpeaks like a Man, &c.

Then by your own confeſſion it is rational.

cover the chiefeſt parts of their Beauty, As their Face, Neck, Breſts, and Hands, as the Index of the more ſecret object. Note, ye muſt alwaies weare Masks, Eate with your Gloves on, Not hold up your Head for feare ye ſhould ſhew your white Necks.

But ſince he would have you cover all parts, let your Names be written upon your Breſts, Or for the ſatisfaction of your Acquaintance, hire a Crier for a Gentleman-Uſher; that he may ſalute each paſſenger with O yes! O yes! here goes Madam ſuch An One, &c. Really it would be a Riddle how to pleaſe your Father, (firſt ye ſhould go Naked, *page* 2, then all covered *page* 4,) But that his worſhip is his owne Interpreter *page* 5.

My Advice is to ſhew all, or Nothing.

Tis great pitty He is not choſen Major of *Blomsbury*, or carnall Rector of St. *Giles in the Fields*. Such Titles were More proper to ſuch An Adviſer, than the Secretary of God and Nature, *page* 3.

Women uncloathed are all alike.
Yes, as much as Venus and Hecube, Alabaſter

Alabaster and a Westphalia Gammon.

Man is the Consummation of the Creation.

The great Book of Nature was perfected by Man's Creation; Only Woman was made Vice Corollarij, as a Post-script, or Appendix.

And Woman the Consummation of Man.

Nay, Pray let Man be the consummation of Woman, for reflect either upon the Admired pulchritude of the Body, or excelling faculties of the Soule, and what may glory of these, but the Head?

How generall is the affection of Old Men to Women?

Well, perhaps by continued practice, they have at last obtain'd Vertue in *Gradu Heroico*, in the highest exaltation; And therefore now dare grapple with the worst of Evills.

If any Clumsy Old Doting Wittall, &c.

You do well to furnish your Daughters with Complements, I hope they'le retort them upon their Father; Although He is such An Eminent person for His writings, that He who protests against the sufficiency of Them,

Adventures to make the Sun Stand Still, and willfully goes about to Counsell his Master. *page* 7. and 8.

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But to my Bed a Vertuous Wife present.
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It ſpeaks like a Man, &c.

Then by your own confeſſion it is rational.

It is the first tincture and Rudiments of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparative Blew, like an Almanack Well-willer.

Our Gentleman likes Mr. *Cleeveland*'s entertainment so well, that he is come againe for the other Dish, and falls on like a most undaunted Plagiarie. Send out an Hue and Crye, and you will overtake him in Company of a Characteriz'd Diurnall-Maker.

Behold his directions, *&c.* Under the five generall Heads I will cut off, and you will think him the Tripple-headed Porter of Hell.

Alas Sir, that you should forget to make a Commentary in Folio upon this Mysticall Expression: Your Enemies five Heads shall be cut off, *Ergo* the leaving Him no Heads, is the way to make him Tripple-Headed. If Little *David* (as you style your selfe) stumbles thus upon Non-sence, the Ladies may account it a sad Omen, that their Champion may chance not to kill great *Goliah*.

I scorn to kill him, I'le onely box Him, Kick, and Cudgell him for his boldnesse.

You scorn to kill him; Oh shew me the like favour, and let us both Live to make Panegyricks of your Clemency, yet we

we are couragious; Against your Cudgell wee'le furbish our old rusty Back-sword, and since you are Nettled, you shall have leave to Kick. And let him know, he is the better Man, who hath besiedged and taken a Towne; not plotted to rob an Orchard.

The robbing of an Orchard was not attributed to the better Man, but to the craftier Boy. But whither you are that better Man that besiedged and tooke a Towne, I'le not dispute: However, without question since you wrote this Excellent Piece, the Towne hath beene your owne.

STUDY.

Para. 1.

Here, Hee complaines of the losse of those times, which I could wish I had not known.

Mr. *Osburn* complaines of losing the Advantage of his most docil time, but you see our Author loves not Learning so well, as to thinke his most docil time worth taking notice of. Then he runs from the Sence of his Antagonist, and lends his Daughter an Use of Instruction, which he borrowed himselfe.

2 I believe our much use of Srong Beer,

and

and groſſe fleſh, is a great occaſion of dregging our Spirits and corrupting them, till they ſhorten life.

You may believe him, for Experientia docet Ebrios, æquè ac Stultos. *Experience is the Miſtreſſe of Ale-adorers, as well as of Fooles. And thoſe groſſer fumes corrupting the Spirits are the probable cauſe why his Stile is ſo languiſhing, and Booke-ſhort-Liv'd.*

Weigh every Mans Education as his meanes have been.

If you were as Rationall in every thing as in this, you had ſaved me the trouble of Animadverſions: It is indeed in vaine to expect the modeſtly-bluſhing-Roſes, and the dapled Gilliflowres, vapouring with their double and treble diadems, in an inculcivated Field, which an affected neglect of the deſpairing Tenant, hath dedicated to Bryars, Nettles, and the contemptible production of Thorns and Thiſtles.

3 Beſides, if I muſt deſcribe a meer Scholler, he is an Intelligible Aſſe, or a ſilly Fellow in Black.

Muſt I? muſt Sir Thomas Overbury, *you ſhould have ſaid? from whom without ſo much as mention*

mention of his Name, you impudently steale a whole Leafe : See over Character of a meere Scholler.

4 There is no Syntax betwixt a Cap of Maintenance, and an Helmet.

What's the reason, but because most Men like Hacknyes, can't endure to goe out of their Usuall Road ? for if a Scholler durst as well read the lines Engraven in Men's Foreheads, as those written in Cassick Authors ; He (being not only Gold Ore, as he is a Scholler, but refined Gold, as having learn'd to exchange *Probe quod Non.* a contradictory humour, into *Sir I kisse your Hand*, a Politick and Submissive complyance) would become fit to receive the impresse of supream Authority ; Being Stampt with Honour on the forepart, and bearing on the Ranverse Regall Favour and Munificency.

5 Here he fancies the Habit of the *Jesuites*. This is without controversie, that what is exemplarily good may and ought to be followed, let whose will be the Professours, Even pur-blinde *Pagans*, and the more barbarous *Turks*. And although some Fellowes of Colledges, have more Pride than Learning, yet since they are as petty Magistrates, their Place commands Reverence from Inferiours.

6 Here

6 Here he would have his Son make some inspection into Physick, &c.

It is implanted in all Men by Nature to desire long life; And consequently, his Society must be acceptable, who is supposed a fit Embassadour, to perswade a League betwixt the four Elements, that they may unanimously concurre in resisting Death, their common and Fatal Enemie.

The seventh is tollerable.

8 Idle Bookes (like you Naturall Knave and Artificiall Dissembler) are nothing else but corrupted Tables, in Ink and Paper.

What still more of the Beere-Warders Dialect? I must confesse your foul-mouth'd Thunderbolts can't be retorted; For you are no Naturall Knave, although a Naturall Foole, and you are no Artificiall Dissembler, although you be an In-artificiall Slanderer, and so long you are safe.

Our Law makes no difference betwixt the Thiefe and the Receiver.

Ans. Then wo be to them who buy your Bookes, where there is so much stoln.

His fooliſh Sentences dropt upon Paper in his Advice to a Son, *hath ſet folly on an Hill, and is a Monument to make Women infamous Eternally.*

1 Answer, They are wise Sentences ; but onely when they stand in competition for the Garland with yours ; But without an Ironie, I take leave to suspect you looked through the Vitiated *Medium* of your own stupendious Ignorance, when you saw his Folly upon an Hill, for if it were so evident, some other should have seene it as well as you, And if it be folly, (*Te ipso Judice*) it is as long liv'd as the greatest Wisdom ; for it is an Eternall Monument, although not to make Women infamous.

9 Would you know what kinde of Stuffe this is ? It is all his owne, and that's a very punctuall Answer.

10 This is full of very significant Expressions ; Mr. *Cleeveland* is huge happy, that he hath so much worth the borrowing by such a Learned Author.

12 He adviseth his Son to converse with the wits of the Towne, to refine his Spirits better than Bookes.

He speakes of no wits in the Towne, but saith Good Company is a better refiner of the Spirits, than Ordinary Bookes : Good Sir, be a little more honest in citing your Author.

13 *Of the Advice to a Son.* Propose not them for patterns, who make all places rattle where they come with Greek, and Latin.

Now

Now marke *Heydon*'s Inference, I ſhould believe him a fooliſh Jugler, that ſprinkles his words in any vulgar Tongue againſt the Lawfull Magiſtrate, Eccleſiaſticall or Civill: A Rare Commentator, you don't blame them who murmur againſt a Magiſtrate; ay, and againſt a Lawfull Magiſtrate, ſo it be but in an unknown Tongue.

14 Arm! Arm! The Advice to a Son ſpeaks Treaſon againſt the Majeſty of our Roſa-Crucian, and yet you never regard it: He affirmes no Thiefe (The Genius of a Plagiary) is ſufferable, who comes not off like a *Lacedemonian*, without diſcovery.

16 Here he commends *John Cleeveland*. What plaine *John*? your fellow? but let that paſſe towards the latter end. He inſinuates want of Study makes fugitive Divines, like Cowards to run away from their text. He is an expert Diſciple of theirs, and loves dearly to run quite away from the Subject he undertakes.

The 18 is nothing to the purpoſe; yet we will allow Sir *Tho. Over*. Paradox to be witty.

19 He that reads the Fathers, ſhall finde them written, as it were with a Criſped Pen. Although this be true, I ſuppoſe I may paſſe without being branded as cenſorious,

ous, if I Judge the Languages the Fathers are written in, no very intimate acquaintance of Mr. *John Heyden's*.

23 This is the Author of *Advice to a Son*, that goes to Sermons onely to shew his Gay Cloathes.

It is very unjust that the Accuser should be Judge; but I'le grant you an Admirable Chymist, if you can extract Pride out of this Advice: Weare your Cloathes neat.

But it is no Prodigy, if an Author be Injuriously interpreted, on whom Ignorance and Malice are Scholiasts.

Here is almost an other Leafe stoln from Sir *Tho. Overburie's* Charact. of a Proud Man.

26 To the Father advising his Son not to Gallop through a Towne. He replyes thus; *Why so? A Party may be riding post upon Life and Death, and then it is but being carefull, and there is no danger.*

Who can forbeare adoring this Mans Ingenuity? But to his exception, I may ad another; That if he should chance to croud a Cart up *Holborn Hill*, he shall have leave to make the Horse Gallop as fast as he can.

29 Our Author commends Hunting; and I shan't discommend it, provided the Hounds chase not away Moderation, without which, the Choisest Recreations are culpable. But for my owne part I affect no

Hounds,

Hounds, but such as the Duke of *Saxon* shewed the enquisitive Embassadours, which were a Pack of poore indigent persons whom he phrased the Hounds, with which he hunted for Heaven.

38 Impudence is no vertue, but able to begger them all. *Advice to a Son.*

How rare would this be *Jack*, if it held in all circumstances? why then, you long before this time had bin a very Landed Man.

40 A Wife is so wise that she can know her Servants Qualities, by their Countenances; and finding the first fault, will endeavour to amend it.

Very few Wives can do the first, unlesse they Marry *Sander*'s Disciples, or at least heare six score Lectures in Physiognomy: And when a Wife dies endowed with the second qualification, I will make a Funerall Oration for her; and speak it in the Audience of all the Good Women in the Parish: Nay more, write a Chronicle on prupose, that I might insert the strange History of her Life.

42 It were a brave thing by use & custome so to order your selfe, that you could endure to live without Food.

This were a rare knack indeed, doubtlesse Ladies it would make ye very slender.

53 If there be vertues, and you be called to speake of him that owns them, tell them forth unpartially; if there be vices mixt with those, be content to let the world know them by some other tongue then yours; do as you would be done unto.

How little you practised this when you called your Combatant Naturall Knave, and artificiall Dissembler, Para: 6. *And with the bitter and detestable Gall of Detraction, squeesed into a rash, and maliciously censorious Pen, write him the curled lock of Antichrist* Par: 39.

54 As our Saviour cursed the cozening Fig-tree, never to beare fruit after; So He is worthy to be hated of Ladies for ever, who boasts of their Favours.

A strange comparison, what will be that hath discourst so. Theologically, make of Sion? *A Temple for Dagon, by prophanely comparing together the Curse of the* King *of* Kings, *and the slights of proud vaine glorious Dust. The sweet waters of* Jordan *ought not to be contaminated, by commixing the Marah of our Trivial conceptions.*

56 He is vertuous, that is so for vertues sake; (so far we shan't oppugn,) And

 chooses

chooſes rather to lye in Sack-cloth, then in Beds of Down, with ſilken delights, and Sarſnet embraces, from Taffata Mobs; who within are nothing but rotten Bones, and loathſome Diſeaſes.

If this be to be Vertuous for Vertues ſake, doubtleſſe Vertue hath A numerous Retinue of ſuch, who had rather lye in Sack-cloath then in Beds of Downe, where Rottenneſſe ſhould be their Bed-fellow, and loathſome Diſeaſes, not with Flea-bites, but Viperous Stings, mortally wound the brittle Fabricks of their Bodies; anticipating Hels Eternall Torments, by the Violent Rackings of temporall Miſeries.

LOVE & MARRIAGE.

1 Here like A Spoon-feathered *Philoſopher*, He diſcourſes what Love is; and hath nothing worth Obſervation but one deepe Criticiſm: How that Hatred is expreſſed by the Latins, ſometimes by *Odium*, ſometimes by *Tædium*.

2 You *Tredeskin fopperie*, do you place Ladies in your Cabinet of *November*? If they be ſuch Jewels as you talk of, they merit ſome Cabinet, or other; And I think you

your Book might augment *Tredeskins fopperies*; for if that were but there, you had inabled Him to shew, another Feather of the Bird of *Paradise*.

3 He is so favourable now as not to answer by way of opposition, but of illustration; and since he hath consulted with Reason rather then Rage, I won't deny him my Euge.

4 *John a Nokes*, I have answered this in my last *Paragraph*, &c.

Here John A Styles *brings his Action of Defamation, against* John a Nokes, *because He hath compared his Daughters to painted Boxes, which Children, and Time will empty of delight, and leave nothing but Diseases: well played Sophister, you onely take what you can carp at, A little Honesty would have inserted what was immediatly subsequent to your Quotation; namely these words, Or at the best incurable Antiquity. And I suppose few Ladies think their budding Beauty, counter-proofe, against the condensed Frosts of old Age.*

5 Here He inhibits Marriage, &c. Tis true like a prudent Father, He would perswade His Son (when He might make A prosperous Voyage going Mate with Riches,)

not wilfully to ſplit his Fortunes upon the Rock of Poverty : For Content flies away in a furie, if the luſtre of Gold (greater, or leſſer, according to the qualitie of the Perſons) makes not the Nuptials reſplendent, as well as *Hymens* Torch.

The Sixth, and Seventh, give not in their Verdict, that the Filial Adviſer is beſide the Saddle : but onely find their Maſter guilty of A Rape, committed upon Sir *Thomas Overburies* good Wife.

8 No Man but An Aſtrologer, dare truſt His wife out of his ſight now A daies, &c.

The Son is wiſht not to Marry A celebrated Beauty ; which although it be don with great Prudence, (Becauſe *Juno* gaudy Birds, will ſpread abroad their Taile in gratitude to Admiration) yet our Author nefariouſly extracts this venome Juice of falſitie ; That he calls all wo men Whores, and that his Lies are t cauſe, that none but an Aſtrologer dar truſt His wife out of His ſight; Tis w that Aſtrologers, know when their wiv

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make them free of the Hornes : And yet I queſtion, whither they underſtand the poſition of the Heavens ſo well, as to know every time their *Venus* is in Conjunction with her beloved *Mars*.

9 This is pregnant with his uſuall Civility, as *Fleabitten Canonick Weed, Pigwiggin Myrmidon*; *&c.* As for this laſt, let his Daughter accept of that, and concerning them, let me aske you a queſtion in thoſe Verſes a little altered, from whome you pickt up the Expreſſion.

What Wiſe Man can endure to be
A prey,
To ſuch Pigwiggin Myrmidons
as they?

10 If Place can be any Priviledge, wee all finde her built in *Paradiſe*, when Man was made without it. And was not the Diell created in as good a place as *Eden*? And though ſhe was made in *Paradiſe*, ſhe was made when *Adam* was aſleep : And pluckt much Knowledge from the Tree of Knowledge, as to bequeath moſt of her Daughters that Serpentine deſire, of making their Husbands know ſome Good, and much Ill.

11 Libidinous, &c.

A very proper Term; why, because he is an Enemy to Women?

13 Woman is far more mercifull than Man. The threatning Waves of Cruelty rore in some Mens Brests, but for the most part they submit those frothy Tympanies to the experimented Physick of right Reason, but Feminine Malice is too often found inexorable.

14 All their aspersions are the lesse, because they are from their Enemies Men.

There are few Enemies so generous, and brave spirited, as not reciprocally to wound one another, with the secret Stilletto of forged Disparagements. Some of our Sex experimentally condemn their Brawling Wives. And some out of a peevish affected singularity, endeavour to staine the immaculate Candour of Womens Goodness. Yet thus far we must acquit Men, as to avow that many Skars in their Reputation have not bin the result of Virile Hatred, but of the unbridled flashings of *fema* Tongues.

17 When the Husband and Wife are together, the World is contracted into a Be

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Man of himſelfe Sir, is a Microcoſm; but this Matrimoniall Incorporation, proves often a contraction of the great World; when thouſands of Acres are contracted by Pride and Prodigality, into the narrow limits of a Burying-Place.

He that is perfect and Marries not, may in ſome ſort be ſaid to be guilty of a contempt againſt Nature, as diſ daining to make uſe of her Sports, and Naturall Endowments.

I anſwer, Pleaſure may fitly be a ſufficient Invitation to a ſhort Walk; But he who Travels, without certainty of Returne to the Happineſſe of a Single Life, muſt furniſh himſelfe with an anſwerable *Viaticum*, and cannot undertake ſuch a Journey ſoly upon hopes to meete Pleaſure, without he firſt baniſh Diſcretion. Although I ſhould write a libell againſt Nature, if I ſhould accuſe Her of noting my Body with ſuch an impotency, (diſcoverable by others, or knowne to my ſelfe,) as might render me unapt for the Slaughterleſſe conflicts of *Venus*; Yet I can read thus much by the ſlender Glimmerings of Reaſon my Soule enjoyes, that the gratification of the ſenſuall appetite is very Momentary, and tis onely Vertue

that as a ſecondary Cauſe, can Echo *GOD*'s promiſe, and ſay, *I will make him an helpe meet for him.*

20 Epiſco-maſtix, &c.

He that diſcharges his Birding-Piece heedleſſely, deſerves not the Title of a Good Shooter, although perchance a ſtragling ſhot ſhould tumble downe a Bird; juſt ſo you let fly at random your Chaine-Shot, Epiſco-maſtix; and therefore ſhould you hit, ingenuity would not affoyle; becauſe you could not levell at any irreverent ſpeech, vomited upon the Pillars of the Church.

Becauſe ſhe hath the ſubtiler Braine, and To thoſe who account Every Woman a kinde of *Sybil*, and what ever falls out of their mouths a ſacred Oracle, this may hold good: None can deny that ſome Women are wiſer than ſome Men, but that in the generall Mens wits ſhould be comparatively blunt, I ſhall ſcarce make the 13 Article of my Creed.

23 Though the *Romans* had their Veſtals, yet after thirty yeares continuance, the cruelty of enforced Chaſtity was not inforce againſt them, &c.

The Veſtals were choſen into the Nunnery, betwixt the Sixth and Eleventh year of their Age. And tis obſervable, that notwith-

notwithstanding they were not prohibited Marriage after their thirty yeares expiration; yed did they usually abstaine, because, who Married, in the end dyed A fearefull death. I for my part account it facil to carry that chastity inviolated to the Coffin, which for the succession of forty yeares, had quenched the wild Fiers of Lust.

Read the twenty fourth in Sir Tho: Overburies *Character of A Good woman, And the Twenty fifth in that of A Good Wife. This conclusion excepted; Ladies now your Enemy is vanquished, you may take your pleasures.*

The old Knights Errant, used to make the Breath-lesse Gyants Heads witnesse to confirm the Victorie: Had you struck of your Enemies Head, and on the top of your Speare Presented it to the Ladies, you should have purchased beliefe: The onely way to conquer, is to begge some auxiliary forces of sagacitie from the *Rosa-Crucians*; for you may feare that at length the badnesse of your cause, and the impossibilitie of paying Arreares, may make your Lord Generall and Lord Admirall, *Overbury*, and *Cleaveland*, to desert you.

TRAVELL.

TRAVELL.

Para. 1.

I have discovered more with my Eyes, then Kings can comprehend in their thoughts.

A King is frequently Surnamed Longimanus, because the Energie of Supreme Authority is very comprehensive : But what is the extent of action, compared to the immense circumference of Thought ? and yet you have seene more then Kings can comprehend in their thoughts? did you not in your travells see the poles upon which the Heavens turne ? and were you never Astrolo-Medicus to the Queene of Fairies.

2 He hath lived but lockt up in A Cheſt, who hath never ſeene but one Land.

Tis A Maxime, Vnus Oculatus Teſtis, ualet Auritis decem : One eye-witneſſe is worth ten ſuch as have no other baſis for their Teſtimony then Heare ſay. If Engliſh *Gallants croſſed the Seas, (as* Poſthumius, Sulpitius, Manlius,

lius, *by whose observations the* Romanes *made those excellent* Lawes, *call'd after ward* Leges, Duodecem Tabularum) *to dreine other Nations of what might be really serviceable to themselves, or the common-wealth; Travell would prove A great accomplishment: but since it is A generall Debaucher, I count him no more Foole that takes upon Trust from good Authors, and can confine his desires to the Chest (as you call it) of one Countrey, as He that dares vie for all things except Antiquity, with* Drakes *Ship; the imagined Girdle of the world.*

3 The Philosophers Dogmatically averre that every Man hath duos Genios, Two Angels, A Good one exciting to vertuous Actions: And A bad, seduceing him to all kind of vitious enormities. If you please to know what A Genius is, be sure to set the edge of your apprehension, and attend this Description.

A Genius is that which from God to one of the seven Spirits is given, to be transferred by Sephiroth the severall orders of Angels, to the Spheres of the Planets; Lastly, the Moone raises it through the Elements, and infuses it into the body of Man.

Risum teneatis Amici?

I wish I had A Genius that enough,

Could

Could deride Heydon and such rauing stuffe.

6 Without Regiſtring theſe things with the Pen, they will ſlide away unprofitably &c.

This Bolt is ſhot againſt that grave advice, Shun all Diſputes, but Eſpecially concerning Religion. See how Non-diſputation, and the regiſtring cohere. And obſerve what A ſtrong man our Author is that there is not any thing, but he can Pull in by the Head and Eares. As you have Examples, in this and the following Paragraph.

The Sixth ſubſequent are pretty moderate and though he writes at the begining of every One, I anſwer, I anſwer; His anſwers are not occaſioned by A contradictory Spirit, but becauſe He hath ſworn to ſay ſome-thing though it be the ſame in Sence with thoſe Aphoriſmes flouriſhing in that Rhetorical Tempe Advice To A Son.

18 Either Good Wits jumpt, or you and Sir *T. Over.* Traviller met.

The ninteenth is A Remnant of the ſame ſtolne Cloath.

20 Here He miſlikes that His Antagoniſt ſhould

ſhould be Servant both to *Æſculapius* and *Aſtræa*. A Doctor of Phyſick, and A Juſtice of Peace, : Why? I hope Sir, that you are not offended, if A Phyſitian Anatomiſes the Law, but if He be A Doctor of Phyſick, I wiſh he would cure you of the Frenſie ; Or if He be A Juſtice, make you a Mittimus to *Bedlam*.

21 I Advice young Gentlemen not to marry uncomely Women for any reſpect, &c. Surely all your Daughters are lovely, or not much beholden to you for your Councell, what muſt none but Comely Girles have Husbands? Pray ſee what a good Father yee have, excellent Councell, except ſage advice. If any one be crooked, ſhee is A Bride for None but Death. If the Small Pox digges your Face, And makes it ſelfe Cavities, as A Common ſhore to carry away the filth and corruption of the Bloud ; Yee, may whiſtle for An Husband and Crie into the Bargaine, and yet go without.

But what if yee were lame or had but One Eye ? then yee ſhould be thought ſtark blinde, if yee entertained A thought of An Husband. And why may not Men marry unhandſome Women ? Oh, becauſe then of Neceſſity they ſhall have ſuch Children :

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ren : which quotidian experience confutes. I admire Beauty, and yet can look upon the greateſt fulgour of A charming countenance, without dazeling my Eyes. I entend tolerable Comlineſſe, ſhould make A part of my entertainement in the Bridal Bed : yet I both can, and do look upon Notorious deformities, not with contempt, but Pitty, and that Pitty is not blab'd abroad to their diſcontent, but lockt up in my Breaſt, as a motive to thankfulneſſe for God's more Merciful Diſpenſation, And diſpoſition of corporal Materials, in the Architecture of my Souls Manſion.

24 Here you have the ſecond part to the ſame tune of affectate Traveller which (ah me) is now at A period. Well, however it hath done, you know who, good Service ; in this, and the forementioned places. I am afraid you will ſhortly be a bankrupt ; You uſe to ſell *Overbury* by whole Sale as in the meere Scholer, *P.* 7. &c. and what is Wit ſuch a ſcarce commodity, as you are compelled to Retaile? And he that uſes to ſteale whole Characters makes one ſerve to ſtop three Vacuities, *Para.* 18. 19. and 24. fie, fie, you drive but a pittifull Trade.

25 Innes

25 Innes are dangerous if Men be not carefull.

Ay, and carefulneſſe too is farre ſhort as to warranting ſecurity from the Theeviſh contrivances of A whole Familie not ſeldom trained up from their Cradle in ſuch excerciſes.

25 By not calling Servants to an account, I my ſelfe have loſt more thereby then I am worth.

Our Author was A Gentleman of Quality, and Eſtate, in the Golden Age; and I believe much about that time kept great Store of ſervants. Onely perhaps the Fallacie lies here, that as much as He is worth may quickly be loſt. But if you dont like that Solution, I can reconcile his words to Truth another way, as thus, our Author makes uſe of A Proſopopœia, And ſo 'tis not He to his Daughters, but Sir Walter Rawleigh *to His Son, that ſecures Truth, and fills this twenty fifth* Paragraph.

27 Beſtow your Youth in Travelling that you may have comfort to Remember it when paſt.

Yes, yes, by all meanes put your Daughters in breeches inſtead of Petticoats; And Saylors Frocks inſtead of Gownes: And let

let them Ramp through *Greece*, *Ægypt*, *Arabia*, Part of *Africa*, *Italy*, *Spaine*, *France*, and *Germanie*, which their Father did traſh over, if you liſt to beleeve Him. *Pa.* 104. But no mote of that; let Him who hath Travelled ſo many Kingdomes anſwer this Dilemma. This and ſeverall other improper Paſſages in your Booke, are either Advice to A Daughter, or to a Son, if to A Daughter, why do you fooliſhly and impertinently put *Hercules* Clubbe, into the Hand of An Omphale, by giving Advice to A Daughter concerning Travell? when the greateſt Commendation of A Woman, is to keepe the Houſe, and not to Travell further then Duty (if you view Her as A Daughter) and coniugal obedience (if A Wife) commands, or the Poverty of Her Neighbour implores. On the other ſide, if your directions be onely proper to A Son, why bears your Book this Inſcription and Title; Advice unto A Daughter.

To the men READERS concerning WOMEN.

Now Mens Heades are broke, there is A kind Gentleman will afford them An Emplaſter

plaſter, I meane the very ſame that blazons Himſelfe by the name of Mr. *Heydon*, *Pa.* 111. This Gentleman of his own dubbing, there mentions A Book of his, which He calls the Roſacrutian Method of Phyſick, but I ſhall referre no man thither, to tranſcribe a Receit for the procuring Content, ſince He may conſult theſe words in the next Leafe.

Therefore if you cannot forbeare to Love, forbeare to Link. His Reaſon is, becauſe after a while you ſhall finde an alteration in your Selfe, and ſee another farre more pleaſing then the ſecond or third Love.

A wiſe Reaſon: that may onely expect the Suffrage of the Beſtial part of A Man. By long ſmelling to A Roſe, my ſatiated Sence ſtrives to make Me credulous that the Roſe is not ſo odoriferous as at firſt. But my reaſon quickly diſcovers the deceit, So by often repetition, the chaſt embracers of A Loving Wife may happen to be nauſeated; And the Brutall Appetite promiſes Her ſelf Pleaſure in a change: but then (In wiſe Men eſpecially) Reaſon comes in as Umpire, and Evinces that A moderate ceſſation, will be as Sauce to whett Scaligers ſixth Sence, regard we pleaſure: And what can be more dear to Vertue, then Two Soules (or rather one) perpetually engaged

to mutuall respect, and the sweet reciprocation of Matrimoniall affection.

From their Talke you may inferre, that their Heads are not troubled with foundding of Tyrannies.

Nothing is more undecent, and distastfull, then that A Woman should act the part of an Eagle, and domineer over her Iron: yet fometimes We see, that the Husband hath onely the name of Master, whileſt the Wife exerciſes A Tyrannicall Monarchy, over the familie.

It is moſt fit that ſince Women bring forth Children, they ſhould have the rule over them when they are brought up: I deny that, unleſſe they want A Father, for if the Mother, who is better then Her Children, conſidered as A concurrent cauſe to their Being, is obliged by right Reaſon to be ruled by her Husband: it is irrationall She ſhould Challenge his Prerogative, to rule over them, unleſſe as A Deputy under Him.

4 *Government.*

Severall Sections at the beginning if Candor be their Advocate, may endure the teſt: they being rather A Stragling Comentary, then A refutation. Therefore we ſhall leap over the foure firſt Mole Hils, without leaving the foot ſteps of our Diſdaine.

5 *Para.* The Græcians gave great Gifts, and divine Honours, to thoſe that kill'd Tyrants, I anſwer, Tis true, Liberty is the Darling of the Univerſe, and hath had ſuch A confirm'd Empire in the Hearts of every Man, that few are ſo puſillanimous, as not to dare to encounter manifeſt Diſadvantages, and the moſt Aſtoniſhing *Remora*, in defence of this their great *Diana*. Nay, not thoſe alone whoſe Soules are enlightened by the Cæleſtiall Raies of Reaſon; But the very Beaſts whoſe entire is one way or other to be ſerviceable to their great Lord Man; do ſhew either a more ſecret, or violent reluctancy, againſt the ungratefull yoake of Servitude. The Lyon by His Roring, is his owne

Herald to proclaime Warre againſt his Jaylor. And the Innocent Linnet, which raviſhes our jocund Eares, with the ſweet, and Harmonious Agitation of his little Throat: will notwithſtanding ranſack the upper, and lower roomes of his nauſeated Cage, and ſeeme by A melancholy poſture, to inſinuate diſcontent, becauſe he is prohibited the enjoyment of chirping Revels, which His warbling Kindred daunce on the contiguous Buſhes. It was therefore venial in the ettimicks who had ſecond Cauſes for their Hemiſphere, and were not aſſiſted by divine Benignity to take the Altitude of Providence; to reward them with the triumphal Laurell, who nefariouſly had died their own Robes Purple, in A Tyrants Blood. But *Xtians*, who ſhall not need to conſult deluding *Delphos*, with the blind-fold Heathen; but may enquire at the ſacred Oracles of God's moſt holy Word: ſhall not finde their affected Ignorance a ſatisfactory Apologie, if they underſtand not that God permits as well A *Jeroboam*, for A Scourge to chaſtice refractory Iſrael: as ſends a *Joſiah*, for a conſolation to God's peculiar People. The reſult of all is, that tis the greateſt Liberty to obey Lawfull *Authority*, and to uſe

no

no other Weapons againſt the ſupreme Power (ſuppoſe it tyrannicall) but heaping Coales of fire upon its Head, by the Evangelicall Stratagem of forgiveneſſe and Prayer.

8 This learned Gentleman, &c.

Who is this learned Shentle man ? Learned is the received compellation of Grotius : *What iſt be ? Oh no, 'tis the Learned Mr.* Heydon. *But I thinke our Author, (who is well known to be an intimate Acquaintance of His) can't prove his words no, not although he had the ſtout and approved* Duellifts, Barbara, Celarent, Darij, Ferio, *to be His Seconds.*

12 I have often wondred with my Selfe what ſhould move Governours to Print Juſtifications of themſelves ; which I ſuppoſe never made An underſtanding man A Convert.

One of Regal Dignity, deſired not to trouble His Son with the Acquiſition of any other Learning, but the neat Art of Diſſimulation. And Eſop's Cat, knew no greater allurement to deſtructive Security, then the making A League with the Credulous Mice. Yet the ſyncere Lovers

of Government, are content to receive excuſes from their Common Fathers, Without A rigid examination of their Validity.

13 If this pleaſe you, pay your Thanks to the Urn of Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, from whom (Pardon my audacitie) I a little diſſent in one particular, beginning Line the ſeventh. For tis frequently ſeen that Age conſolidates that Friend-ſhip which was begun young, and makes that to become ſyncere, which had firſt peradventure had no ſtronger Conglutination, then A Plauſible complyance in youthfull vanities.

15 *I anſwer you mildly where you do not abuſe Ladies, and Gentlewomen. And I for my part Mr.* Heydon, *delight not in arguing any thing blame-worthy which may deſerve a favourable conſtruction: and therefore (as you may oft obſerve) I ſhall requite a minim of Modeſty, by my Pens leaping over this fifteenth* Para : *without a croſſe Daſh of Correption.*

16 Praiſe not your Selfe, except you will be counted a vain glorious Foole ; nei-take delight in the Praiſes of other Men, except you deſerve it.

Your

Your Daughters may retort upon you, as the young Crabb did upon his Mother, reprehending: Him for retrogradation I ſhall follow, if you ſet Me an example.

18 I hate a Coward.

So do I, and yet I know that I ſhould be voted worthy of Death, by the Councell of Warre belonging to the Lord of Hoſtes; if I ſhould engage my Enemy, before Divinity as Generall, and Prudence as my Captain give the Word.

20 I have peruſed this head, and finde experience ready to atteſt the truth of your Adverſaries advice. And therefore I adjudge him an *Engliſh* Knave that ſquirts againſt him an opprobrius ſcoffe; in denominating him *Don Guzman*, the *Spaniſh* Rogue.

23 This is very Poetical, if Fiction ſuffice, And A mynſterious Hirmos, guarded with an Army of Hyperbolies, commonſtrate, that He is Couſin Germin (not above nine times removed) to a Rhetorician. As for the charge you exhibit againſt your ſubtil Proteus, in excilling the Chamælion by the aſſumption of whiteneſſe, you

your ſelfe may (if fame, and certainty, have drunk to one another the *Poculum Charitatis*) excell the Camælion in his unacquainted Red : For although Nappy Ale, ſeldome diſplies the pockets Or ; yet it often blaſons the Noſe Gules.

30 Take heed how you manage A bad Cauſe for your Client.

Take heed likewiſe how you manage A good Cauſe for your Client. Negligent Remiſneſſe, is many times Mother of as miſchievous Events, as down right Knavery. A good advocate ſets all his wits upon the Tenter-hookes, that his Clients Cauſe may not be overturn'd, by the boyſterous winds of his oppoſing Brothers. A confident Pleader, is well nigh ſure to crown A good Cauſe with conqueſt when A bad Cauſe, (if the Judges Head hath a ſhelfe for St. *Auſtin*, as well as for Sir *Edward Cook*, I mean is both Learned and Conſciencious) ſhall make A bad Market : Although fringed with the moſt ſelect Rhetoricall Raptures, and burniſht with an undaunted impudency : Our times would prove Halcion dayes, if every Gentleman dignified with the long Robe, did but intently

tently ruminate upon Christ's precept, and King *James* his motto; *Beati Pacifici*; neither can we totally attribute it to the Lawyers Breath, that the sparks of discencion are cherist into destructive Flames. The impetuous vulgar, seemes resolv'd to blow up their own estates with the restlesse prosecution of Revenge: And that contention many times devours whole estates, besides the tedious exactation of many yeares patience, (as if poverty were so coy, that She requires such obsequious Servants, and necessity must needs be Treated at such vast expence) which by two Judicious and impartiall arbitrators, might have been compos'd, and ended for the honest Corydon, in little more time, then He takes to bounce on his Leather Array, when the shrill Song of a pusillanimous Cock, hurries him away to Plough. I shall commend to Lawyers serious thoughts, as an Amulet against Covetousnesse, their capital Crime, A Quære of more concernment, then any to be found in *Dyer*; which himselfe puts *Math.* 16. *verse*, 26. *What is A Man profited if He shall gaine the whole world and lose his owne Soule? or what shall A Man give in Exchange for His Soule.* To the Comminality,

minality, I ſhall preſcribe Arbitration as the moſt Speedy, and Soveraign emplaſter, to heale their Woundes: whither in Good-name, Body, or Eſtate. And never Trot to *Weſtminſter Hall*, unleſſe irreconcilable Oppreſſion, and violent Neceſſity ſerve yee with A *Sub Pæna*.

34 Princes words are as good as their Oaths; for they are both Trifles. I anſwer, A Noble-mans proteſtation, is lookt upon by the Eye of the Law, as æquipollent to the Oath of An inferior perſon. If the unanimous Reaſon of A numerous Aſſembly of Wiſe Men, thus approv'd the Starres; what may We conjecture of the Sun? If Honour can equitably plead A general comprobation, much more may the luſtre of Words, of Oaths, which can vouch Majeſtie, be conceived abudantly able to expell the Miſts of unbeleefe, præjudice, and ſuch groſſe Calumnyes, as yours, That they are both Trifles.

36 A Roſacrutian ſometimes, to my knowledges, loſes Himſelfe in the World, &c.

Tis

Tis great pitty you speak experimentally 3 Alasse, it was for want of that profound Science, published by *Heydon*, and mentioned, *Pa.* 114. to converse with their Genius, or Angell, in A corporeal Shape; who knowes but he might have rounded Him in the Eare, and taught, how to extricate Himselfe out of the fallacious Labyrinths, of Humane Machinations.

Religion.

RELIGION.

Para : 3.

I do not think the greateſt Clerks are neareſt Heaven, much of their Learning is ſuperfluous. Since *England* was made A Goſhen, by the diſtinguiſhing light of refined Religion, whileſt ſome of her neighbour Nations were left groping, and ſtumbling in the langible darkeneſſe of Error, and Superſtition; Scholers have not (as I may ſay) Monopolized Heaven: But the unlearned can underſtand God, ſpeaking in their owne language, by the mouth of His holy Word. Let Agrippa write *de vanitate Scientiarum* to to prove that Every Science, hath its mixture of vanity: Onely Ignorance, the profeſt Enemy of the Muſes, dares take up the Gantlet againſt this Truth, That Men poliſht with Literature, are more adapted to ſerve God, and their Countrey, and to become Veſſels of the Sanctuary, then the knotty Blocks of common Capacities which never were ſo happy as to meet with the Plainer of Education: But although this is

confeſt,

confeſt, yet let thoſe brave Souls, whoſe Victories over the moſt crabbed and diſheartning Sciences, have merited Statues upon the Ambitious Brow of *Parnaſſus*; take this as A *Memento*; that God is no reſpect or of Perſons: And Pride, that tumbled Angells out, ſhall exclude from Heaven Man, who is but Duſt, and the Son of Man, who is but A Worm. A Scholers greateſt Embelliſhment is Humility uſher'd into the World, by an inaffectate affabilitie.

No pleaſure can make deceit lawfull, &c.

When the Scribes, and Phariſees, by vailed and claudeſtine Wickedneſſe, had ſo farre inſenced the Lamb of God, that takes away the Sinnes of the World; as that He like A Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah*, denounces *Væ Vobis Scribæ, et Phariſæi.* Wo be unto you Scribes, and Phariſees! the Ever bleſſed Jeſus, oft times immediately ſubjoyns *Hipocritæ*, ye Hipocrites: denoting that Hipocraſie, was A principall matter in their indictment: it being of ſo heighnous A Nature, that it forces A curſe from the bowells of infinite Mercy. Some of the ancient Heroes, have deteſted A Victory, borrowed from their Enemies ſecurity,

rity, and the opportunity of A dark night (When Sol taking repoſe after his diurnal Careere, and fair Phæbe Neglecting to light her Torch,) woed them to ſurprize their Enemies Pavilions, And makes them Exchange an opacous Skye, for the gloomy Tenements of ſolitary Ghoſts. And what A ſhame is it for Chriſtian Souldiers, who fight under the Banner of the croſſe, to ſteale a Victory over their Bretherens Lives, and Eſtates, be trayed by an innocent Credulity, not able to diſcover the frownes of An Enemy, toucht under the Mask of A formal Hypocraſie: yet this Glo-worme, although it ſhines to the heedleſſe paſſinger, taken up in the Hand of prudent Circumſpection, loſes its fraudent ſplendour; And He that was alwaies odious in the Eyes of God, becomes now diſpicable in the ſight of the World. A Man can't cheat another of A penney, but He loſes. A Talent of that cæleſtiall Gold, which will Crown uprightneſſe, and Pietie, in the Heaven of Heavens. Permit Hypocraſie to blind the World, thou art repreſented baſe in thine owne Eyes, by the terrible knawings of Conſcience: ſo that were there never A *Cato* to paſſe ſentence on thy miſdemeanours,

Selfe

Selfe conviction would at laſt compell Thee, to approve the Orators Councell: Μηδ' ἕτερος μηδὲν ἀίχρον ποιήσας, ἔλπιζε λήσειν, εἰ γὰς τὸς ἄλλοὺς λάθης σεαυτῳ γὲ συνειδήσεις.

Do nothing culpable, out of Hopes to conceale it: for although you may hide it from others, you will be conſcious to your Selfe.

Levellers and fifth Monarchy Men, &c.

THE grand prop of the *Levellers* aſſertions, is that community practiſed by the Primitive *Xtians*: which Argument is not ſatisfactorie to any, but Ignorant, and Ambitious Perſons; who abhorre the thought of cuffing Povertie away, with A Fiſt hard Labour hath made Brawney: and are very ſorry to Plough any mans ground, but their own. No wonder, if under the Churches perſecution they liv'd together who were to die together, They might well ſacrifice their Eſtate to Charity, who every day expected to have their Lives offered up to malicious Fury: And this community was by Conſent, not by Conſtraint; And ſo

now,

now, A Man may Lawfully ſhare halfe another Mans Eſtate, by the owners permiſſion. We need no other Stratagem to tumble down the *Levellers* Scaling-Lathers, then this ; That the maugurating Sentence, *Come yee Bleſſed, &c.* As alſo that dreadſul Doome, *Go yee Curſed,* are expreſly referr'd by the Omnipotent Lord Cheife Juſtice of Heaven to works of Charity. As feeding the Hungry, Cloathing the Naked, &c. From hence I conclude, it Evident, to every unbyaſſed Judgment, that it is God's Pleaſure, (And therefore not to be Contradicted,) that there ſhould be ſome Poore to the end of the World. Or elſe, how ſhould the Goates on Chriſts left Hand, go into everlaſting Puniſhment, (*Math.* 25. *verſ.* 46.) for the Omiſſion of feeding the Hungery, Clothing the Naked, Viſiting the Sick, &c.

Now if every ones Eſtate be equall, where will be the Object of Charity, of which there is ſuch A ſingular Care taken by the Holy Jeſus ? As for the irrational, and peremptory Fifth-Monarchy Men, (the fæces of An impudent, and perverſe Generation,) who by Stalking with the Enthuſiaſticall notion of A Fifth Monarchy,

Monarchy, Catch some male content Artificers, and in fine endeavour to Erect A sedicious, and Diabolical Anarchy, Since they will not Learn Obedience to Governours from the Word of God; I leave Them to the Sword of the Magistrate, for Confutation

18 That of the *Civilians* must Be remembred, *Licere in Bello, quæ ad finem sunt necessaria*: Nothing is unlawfull in Warre, that serves the end, and designe thereof.

By this the Civilians *intend A Legal warre, for if the warre it Selfe be illicit, it followes, that every Medium, subservient to the Accomplishment of its unlawfull intention, and Design, doth circumstantially, aggravate the crime. If I have no other way to secure my Life, I may by any meanes, repel any Power, that assaults it, though Just.*

You seeme to discent from this opinion, and father it upon *Culpeper*; Let it be whose Child it will, Reason scorns to acknowledge it Legitimate: For I must not resist an unjust Power by unjust Meanes; how much lesse repel, A Just Power by any meanes I can complot?

21 We can't be our own choosers in Religion, but must take it upon Trust from Others.

There is no necessity you should venture your invaluable Soule, in the Bottoms of your Progenitors opinions: You may choose your Religion; onely as an obsequious Son (because nothing is more facil then to erre,) let the plausible infallibility of your tender, and indulgent Mother the reformed Church, assist, and direct you in the Choyce.

26 Feare nothing but God.

He that is Holy will endeavour to do this; And he that is wise, will regard nothing throughout the *Paragraph*, but onely this.

27 There

27 There are ſome things (as the Kings Death) ſo written, that neither Aſtrologer, Geomancer, nor Inchanter, is able to read ; But onely A Roſacrucian.

I ſee ſecond Thoughts are beſt you ſaid pa. 162. *you have ſeen matters fall out ſo unexpected, neither Aſtrologer, nor Roſacrucian, could give any ſucceſsfull Judgement of them : And that A Roſacrucian, ſometimes to your knowledge loſt himſelfe, in the Clouds of the Worlds occaſions. I admire How the World ſhould delude them to whom alone, the miſterious Writings of Providence are Legible.*

32 The Clergy is as full of Changes as the Moon; for I can't ſee one of them ſetled in A Church, but before I have heard four Sermons, His face I perceive is full of ſtrange Geſtures, and His tongue of Novelty.

Oh Sir, I know you draw neer your end you talk ſo Idle. Now you are Lunatick, the Clergy is as changeable as the Moon.

I suppose you are beholden to the Clergy, & Shelton, *or some of his Brother Brachygraphers, for the best part of your Booke. A Good Divine, indeed, may be compared to the Moon; which (with due reverence) I do thus. The Moon communicates no light of her own. So the Pious Clergy, will not obtrude their own conceptions: but speakes to the People, as the Spirit gives them utterance. The Moon encreaseth, and decreaseth. So doth the Orthodox Clergy; first encrease in Learning, then decrease in their own conceit, and bodily strength; spending the Oyle should feed the Lamp of Life, That they might guide their Flocks, in the waies of Truth: But how are Ministers Tongues full of Noveltie? can any thing be News to A Rosacrucian?* Mira canis, *This is News indeed to Me.*

CONCLUSION.

Para. 3.

Remember how much Mr. *Culpeper* and his *wife* have done for you, & thank God

God for your happineſſe, I ſhall not ſtrive to break Mr. *Culpeper*'s Urn: Yet you can't ſay of him, in relation to us, What we can (*poſito Sexus diſcrimine*) ſay of his *wife*, in relation to you; That ſhe hath done for you, even more then one would deſire A Woman to do; And therefore leaſt you ſhould forget Her, (who ſo frequently forget your Self,) & ſo reſt unthankfull for your happineſs, rob the Art of Memory, of ſuch images, as are apt for that purpoſe. For example, ſuppoſe you were to remember A certain Animal, cal'd A Cuckold; you may Seale your Memory, with the ſign of the Buls head or elſe meditate upon the Brow-Anclets of *Actæon*.

7 Let it be A piece of our daily oraiſons that God would guard our Pulpets, from ſuch *Bontefeu's*; as like *Ætna*, and *Veſuvius*, blench out nothing, but flames and fiery diſcourſes, of the Day of Judgement. I anſwer, if your Prayers be ſuch, my A men, ſhall not conclude them. Spiritual Phyſicians, ſorrowfully

understand, that where one Patient needs A Cordial, Thousands want Corrasives. Our Corruptions, require several Cupping Glasses.

Let thy Ministers, O Lord! cry aloud, and Awake our drousy Souls; let us swallow, and digest their Reproofes, although never so bitter. And let us alwaies, with A filial, feare so dread thy Judgements, that thou mayst not enter into Judgement, with thy Servants: But drown, oh drown, and over-whelm our Sins, in the fathomlesse Ocean of thy Mercies, and Crown our souls with blesse, and Immortality. Amen.

Against the second Edition, I will make an Addition.

When will that be in *Platos* great yeare? you may save your Labour, the old rusty Sword wil never be furbished; We will grant you an Act of Oblivion, if in the Next Book you choke the Press with; (for all your works are very dry) you prostrate your selfe in an ingenious Recantation, at the feet of Grave, and Learned Mr. *Osborn*. With indefatigable

gable ſedulity, Study that great Leſſon, of knowing A mans Selfe. Learn Humility. Court modeſty. Exerciſe Candor, on all Occaſions. And be not ſo ſtupid as to imagin, the Shadow of your frothy, and *Contumelius* expreſſions, able in the leaſt to obtenebrate The Honour, and Luculent Reputation of A Starre, of the firſt Magnitude, in the Sphere of *Parnaſſus*.

Now you are taught ſome Wit; there's
Nothing I,
Wiſh your next leſſon but morality.

FINIS.
